News from Hell:

To make Men . . . OR Luc with

A SPEECH of a GHOST

of one of the old Kings of *Ormus*, who being damn'd for his Luxury, was for his punishment sent to *Earth* to ruin his own Family, and disturb the State.

Being a Mirror for Monarchs, Miters, and Magistrates, to direct their Steps into the Ways of Peace and Truth.

Let the King live; but let Ill Government die.

By *E. P. Philopatris.*

Or a Lover of his Country.

LONDON,
Printed for the Booksellers, in the Year, 1680.

My Lo[d]: of Paper is come to my Hands, through a Hole
Now in the Gate House In which yo[r] Lo[p] is perhaps
Concerned but the publique More, If I might have
Lo[ps]
Incouragm[t] I make not doubt to answer it to the
Satisfaction of all yo[r] Lo[pps] and all good Patriotts;
having lived 20 yeares at Court before this Last Trouble's

Pray lett me know yo[r] Lo[ps] Pleasure
and I shall gladly furnish it.

yo[r] Lo[pps]
yo[r] Lo[p] will doe me and the whole
Nation a great honor to helpe me out of this popish
purgatory the Gate House where I have the cursing
Malice of that party has kept me these
6 Months so hinder me from waiting on yo[r] Lo[ps]
when y[e] were sitting in Parlm[t]

Pray My Lo[d] recommend to the Charitie of o[r]
these true Lovers of their King and Country of
yo[r] Judgm[t] In which I am resolved to Live and die
Gn gentle but Mord in Scholar - yo[r] Lo[ps]

Most humble & faithfull
Servt Ed. Lamb

A SPEECH OF A Ghost, &c.

THou Monster horrible, under whose ugly Doom,
Down in Eternity's perpetual Night,
Man's temporal Sins bear Torments Infinite:
For change or Delation must I come,
To tempt the Earth, and to prophane the Light;
From mournful Silence, where Pain dares not roar
With liberty, to multiply it more;
Nor from the loathsom Puddle *Acheron*,
Made foul with common Sins, whose filthy Damps
Feed *Lethes* Sink, forgetting all but Moan;
Nor from that foul Infernal shadowed Lamp,
Which lighteth *Sisiphus* to rowl his Stone;
These be but Bodies Plagues, the skirts of Hell,
I come from whence Death's Seat doth Death excel.
A Place there is, upon no Center plac'd,
Deep under Depths, as far as is the Sky

Above

Above the Earth, dark, infinitely spac'd;
Pluto the King; the Kingdom, Misery.
The Christal may God's Glorious Seat resemble;
Horror it self these Horrors, but dissemble.
Privation would reign there, by God not made,
But Creature of an uncreated Sin;
Whose Being is all Beings to invade;
To have no ending, though it did begin;
And so of past, things present, and to come,
To give depriving, not tormenting Doom.
But Horror in the Understanding mixt,
And Mem'ry by Eternity's Seal wrought,
Unto the Bodies of the Evil fixt,
And into Reason by our Passion brought,
Here rack'd, torn, and exil'd from Unitie,
Though come from nothing, must for ever be.
The Sins that enter here are capital,
Atheism, where Creatures their Creator lose;
Unthankful *Pride*, Nature and Graces fall,
Bane of Mankind, in Man unnatural.
Hypocrites, which Bodies leave, and Shadows chose;
The Persons, either Kings by Fortune blest,
Or Men, by Nature made Kings of the rest.
Here Tyrants, that corrupt Authority,
By Plots which they contriv'd in Wickedness,
Cunning in Mischief, proud in Cruelty,
Are Furies made, to plague the weaker Ghosts;
Whose Souls enticing Pleasure only lost.
The weaker Kings, whose more unconstant Vice,
Their States, unto their Humours made a prey;
For suffering more than Kings to tyrannize,
Are damn'd, though here to be, yet not to stay:
For back they go to tempt with ev'ry Sin,
Which easiest is the World to enter in.

My

My ſelf ſometimes was ſuch, *Ormus* my State;
I bare the Name, yet did my Baſhaw's reign.
Truſts to few Windows are unfortunate;
For Subjects growing full, are Princes wane.
Lo, all miſdeeds procure their own miſfate:
For by my truſted Baſhaws was I ſlain;
Now ſent to tear down my Poſteritie,
That have their Sins inheritance from me.
My firſt Charge is, the Ruine of mine own;
Hell keeping knowledg ſtill of Earthlineſs;
None coming there but Spirits overgrown,
And more imbodied into Wickedneſs:
The Body by the Spirit living ever;
The Spirit in the Body joying never.
In Heav'n perchance no ſuch Affections be,
Thoſe Angel Souls in Fleſh impriſoned,
Like Strangers, living in Mortalitie,
Still more and more themſelves inſpirited;
Refining Nature to Eternitie,
By being Maids in Earths Adulterous Bed,
And idely do forget all here below,
Where we our Parents, but to plague them, know.
My next Charge is, from this dark Regiment,
With Wiles to ſcourge this Age effeminate,
Not open Force, or Humours violent,
Time faſhions Minds, Minds Manners, Manners Fate;
Where Rage gives place, Wit muſt rule ill intent;
Proud Honour being an Evil for this State
Too ſtrong; Sleight muſt miſlead the Innocent;
Craft, the Corrupt: for though none dares be juſt,
Yet Coward-ill, with Care, grow wicked muſt.
This preſent King, weak both in Good and Ill;
Loving his Truſt, and truſting but his Ghoſs,
Shall periſh in his own Faith's Wantonneſs;

Be-

Betray'd by *Alaham*, whom he knows ill,
Yet to beware lacks active Constantness,
The Destiny of well-believing Wit,
That hath not strength of Judgment joyn'd with it.
Al'ham his Son, fond of the Father's Throne,
Desire his Idol, *Liberty* his Might,
As overborn with Error infinite,
Shall find that Fate all secret faults can hit;
For he, that for himself would ruine all,
Shall perish in his Craft unnatural.
Hala his Wife, diverse and strong in Lust,
Lib'ral out of Self-Love, of Error proud;
When shameless Craft and Rage have serv'd her turn,
In Pride's vain-glorious Martyrdom shall burn.
Zophi the eldest Son, whose Reason is
With Frailty drown'd, and Sillines confus'd;
Born but to live, and yet denied this;
(So well knows Pow'r what Spir'ts may be abus'd)
Becomes the Prey of factious crafty Wit,
Which stirs that Ruine up, which ruines it.
Cain Bashaw (like the Clouds, who live in Air,
Th'Orb of Natures constant inconstancy)
Now Fame, now Shame shall in his Fortune bear;
His Vice and Vertue still in Infancy;
Change for his Wisdom, and Chance for his Ends;
Harm'd by his Hopes, and ruin'd by his Friends.
Mah'met with Honour fain would change the Tide,
Oft-times corrupt; here stopping Violence;
There countermining Craft, and pleading Right;
But Reason sworn in general to Sense,
Make Honour Bondage, Justice an Offence,
Till *Liberty*, that fair deceiving Light,
Turns Mischief to an Humour Popular,
Where goo. Men catch'd in Nets of Duty are.

Calic

Celica (becauſe in Fleſh no Seeds are ſown
Of Heav'nly Grace, but they muſt bring up Weeds)
Death in her Father's Murder ſhe affects;
Seduc'd by Glory, whoſe exceſs ſtill feeds
It ſelf upon the barren ſteeps of Mone;
For humane Wit wants Power to divide,
Whereby Affections into Error ſlide.
Heli the Prieſt, who teaching from without,
Corrupted Faith, bound under Laws of Might;
Not feeling God, yet blowing him about
In ev'ry Shape and Likeneſs but the right;
Seeking the World, finds *Change* there joyn'd with *Chance*,
To ruine thoſe whom Error would advance.
Now mark your Charge; Each *Fury* work his part
In ſenſleſs Webs of Miſchief over-thwart.
You are not now to work on private thoughts,
One inſtant is your time to alter all;
Corruption Univerſal muſt be wrought,
Impoſſible to you is Natural;
Plots and Effects together, muſt be brought;
Miſchief and Shame at once muſt ſpring and fall;
Uſe more than Pow'r of Man to bring forth that,
Which (it is meant) all Men ſhall wonder at.
Craft go thou forth, work Honour into Luſt;
Malice, ſow in Self-love Unworthineſs;
Fear, make it ſafe for no Man to be Juſt;
Wrong, be thou cloath'd in Powers Comlineſs;
Wit, play with Faith; take Glory in Miſtruſt;
Let Duty and Religion go by gheſs;
Furies, ſtir you up War; which follow muſt,
When all things are corrupt with Doubleneſs.
From Vice to Vice let Error multiply,
With uncouth Sins, *Murders*, *Adulteries*,
Incorp'rate all kind of Iniquity,

Tranſlate

Transſlate the State to Forreign Tyrannies;
Keep down the Beſt, and let the Worſt have Pow'r,
That War and Hell may all at once devour.

Tophet prepared was for Kings of old:
For States grow old, when Princes leave the Ways
Of Honour, and take Pleaſure for their Ends;
For that a *large* is, this a *narrow Way*;
That wins a World, but this a few dark Friends:
The one improving Worthineſs, ſpreads far;
Under the other Good things Priſoners are.
For when Reſpect, which is the ſtrength of States,
Declines without, by Kings deſcent within,
And that Pow'rs Baby-Creatures dare ſet Rates
Of Scorn on Worth, and Honour upon Sin;
Then, though King's-Player-like, act Glory's Part,
Yet all within them is but Fear, and Art.

If Joys of Heaven cannot invite,
Nor Plagues of Hell our Senſes fright,
We may ev'n bid our Souls Good-night.

FINIS.

58753